

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION Over a Million Distributed.



Louisiana State Lottery Comp'y.

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868 for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Mammoth Drawings take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its Grand Single Number Drawings take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS, For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes.

Attested as follows: "We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

Commissioners. We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries, which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres't Louisiana Nat'l Bk; PIERRE LANAUX, Pres't National Bk; A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank; CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, April 16, 1889.

Capital Prize, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

Table with columns for prize amounts and ticket counts. Includes 'LIST OF PRIZES' and 'APPROXIMATION PRIZES'.

For Club Rates or any other desired information, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Send currency by Express (at our expense) addressed to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

Or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C. Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER that the payment of the Prizes is guaranteed by Four National Banks of New Orleans, and the tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose charter rights are recognized in the highest courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes.

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket ISSUED BY US in any drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

HAGENOW & ASCHMANN, Philharmonic Orchestra

AND MILITARY BAND, Room 10, Opera House Block

J. H. W. HAWKINS, ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT, Buildings completed or in course of erection from April 1, 1889.

Business block, C E Montgomery, 11th and N. do L W Billingsley, 11th near N. Restaurant (Odds) C E Montgomery, N near 11th.

Residence, J J Imhoff, J and 18th. do J D Macfarland, Q and 14th. do John Zebrung, D and 11th.

do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th and 10th. do Wm M Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th. do E R Guthrie, 5th and N.

do J E Reed, M D, F bet 10th and 17th. do L G M Baldwin, Q bet 18th and 17th. do Real Estate building at Milford, Neb.

First Baptist church, 14th and K streets. ordinary coal and receiving tomb at Wryka cemetery.

Office Rooms 33 and 34 Richards Block

DR. A. NOWICKI, Natural Mineral Water Cure Institute, 1136 O STREET.

Mineral Water Imported from Europe. All chronic diseases cured in six weeks. Female complaints and Liver, Kidney and Eye diseases treated. Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m.

FREE Sewing Machine. To all who establish a business in any city, town or village, we will give a free to one person, on each locality, a new, reliable, and useful Sewing Machine. We will also give a free to one person, on each locality, a new, reliable, and useful Sewing Machine. We will also give a free to one person, on each locality, a new, reliable, and useful Sewing Machine.

BILL NYE'S WOES.

Some of the Chambermaids One Meets on the Road.

I had a very trying experience last week. It was painful, but not fatal. I had been traveling all the night before, and fatigue and brain fog were together fighting for my very existence. I got a room when I arrived and retired to seek much needed rest. I had just retired, in fact, having carefully locked the door and left the key in the lock that the curious could not look in through the keyhole and see me as I lay there asleep and make a \$5,000 painting of me.

Just then there was a slight rattle at the door, such as you hear when a chambermaid attacks it with a pass key and comes in the room to sweep holes in the carpet and fill your lungs full of debris. I smiled to myself, for my own key was in the door, and I said softly, as I bathed my blushing features in the pillow: "Alas! what you cannot enter now." But she continued to rattle away with her key, and I soon saw, with horror, that my own was beginning to lose its grip, and finally it fell to the floor with a loud report, having been pushed out of the lock from the other side.

I can hardly describe the horror of my situation. I thought of handling my handkerchiefs and perfume over the bed, the chambermaid and begging her, if she had a mother or any other relatives in whom she had any confidence whatever, to go away. I thought of going to the door and telling her that we had better go through life as nearly as possible by separate routes, and that I needed rest really more than I did society, but I did not dare to get out of bed for fear the door would open, and I was wise, for it did now burst open, as I had feared, and a tall girl in the prime of life, with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, came into the room. With a wild shriek I covered my head with the bedclothes, and-hering till my teeth, which were in a tumbler of water near by, chattered together.

"Go away, you hateful thing," I said, "and never, never come back again any more." "But I want to change them sheets," she said. "Go away," I said again. "Even your voice is hateful in my sight. Take my beautiful Seth Thomas silver watch if you will, but, oh! go away, and heaven will reward you even better than that."

She then slunk from the room, but it was a long time before I could go to sleep. Even then my dreams were troubled and my mind filled with apprehension. I thought I was being pursued by a red eyed unicorn with a navy blue stomach and a Chinese lantern tied to his tail. I tried to shake him off, but I could not. He led me down into the infernal regions, and insisted on showing me the iron bridge and the high school, and spoke of the great progress of the place, and said that they were likely to get a new and competing road in there this summer; and he showed me the library and walked me out to the fair grounds and down on the lake shore, so that I could take a sulphur bath, and spoke of the desirability of the climate for people with bronchial affections, and wanted me to speak of it in my letters to the press, and said he would pay me well for it.

Just then I heard a knock on my door. I was so glad to have anybody knock, instead of picking the lock, that I asked: "Who's there?" A rich, manly voice replied, "Me." I was glad to hear the welcome voice of one of my own sex, and so I undid the door for the gentleman with great alacrity. Just as I was bounding lightly back towards my couch with a merry laugh, the party strolled into the middle of the room bearing a small but rare collection of clammy, muckilaginous towels. She was a heavy set chambermaid with terror cotter hair and a bass voice.

I do not complain. I do not murmur. I do not repine. But I say that a chambermaid ought not to do that way. A chambermaid who has a bass voice ought to seek out some other calling. She may put a guest's slippers so far under the bed that he cannot get them without calling out the hook and ladder company. She may sweep over his letters from his wife, or drown her sorrows in his hay rum, but she ought not to take a bass voice into a hotel and expect to escape criticism.

Mayor Weston, now of Grand Rapids, before he became wealthy was a newspaper man in Denver and used to stop at the old Planters' hotel. He had a mining deal to write up for the paper, and connected with the deal was a Georgetown superintendent whom we will address as Julius H. Cavyvo. Mr. Cavyvo was to furnish the particulars to Mr. Weston, but early in the day he began to meet old acquaintances and to cement their friendship by means of a powerful solution known as embalming fluid.

So, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Weston put Julius H. Cavyvo to rest on his own little bed at the Planters' and went out to prosecute his researches in relation to the Hold Up Mining and Improvement company. The old Planters' hotel was not exactly like the Hoffman house or the Gilsey house. You could tell the difference almost as soon as you sat down at the table. If you spoke to the waiter about the tenacity of the steak or the longevity of the butter, he would give you a tart reply, and you would have to get along with that, for dessert. One man murmured about the steak and said it was too tough, so therefore he would not eat it.

"You won't eat it?" calmly replied the loose jointed waiter. "You say you won't eat it?" "I say so because I can't cut it. No man can cut that steak. You can't cut it with acids. So I won't eat it." "Well, you will eat it," said the waiter, reaching around as if in the act of adjusting his bustle. "You will eat it or I'll wear it out on you!" "He ate it."

But among other things there was a big alarm bell in the tower of the Planters', which was wont to ring for fires, funerals and other entertainments. The rope hung in the hall and when the help of the populace was required in order to suppress a fire or a riot, the first man to the bell rope saluted the snowy summits of the Rocky mountains with this wild alarm.

While Mr. Weston was getting his information on the streets, the great bell woke the echoes in the fastnesses of the canyons twenty miles away, and the excited populace swarmed to the Planters' to learn what great calamity had befallen the new city. Mr. Weston got there at last, and, out of breath, rushed up to his room. In the hall he found Julius H. Cavyvo ringing the bell. His supporters were draped and soapuds were dripping from his chin and the tip of his Venetian red nose.

"What has happened?" panted Weston. "What are you ringing that bell for, Julius?" "Well, what do you suppose I'm ringing the bell for? I am ringing for a clean towel or a funeral. If I get the towel there will be no funeral, but if I fail, you just wait here a minute and I'll give you the first view of the office and our bright and racy paper."-Burlington Free Press.

Austin, Scott Co., Ind., Feb. 16, 1889.-I have given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a thorough trial, and find it to be all and more than is claimed for it. I would not be without it for double what it costs.-FRED J. NICHOLS. Sold by A. L. Shader, Druggist.

A Pretty Good Sentence.

One of the greatest banes of a student's life is that he is obliged to write compositions, says The New Haven Morning News. It is something looked upon as extra work, and is usually left until the last minute. Then the student hurriedly collects the necessary data, and in writing is very apt to introduce sentences from the encyclopedia.

Unfortunately it happens that one of the professors of English at Yale has written numerous articles for the encyclopedia. A few days ago this professor was reading over a composition with its author when he came across a particularly finely constructed sentence.

"That's a pretty good sentence," remarked the professor. "Yes, I prided myself on that," replied the student.

"So did I when I wrote it," added the professor, to the great discomfiture of the pupil.

A Failure.



"NO MORE HORSE STEALIN' FOR HIM."



"NOW, SONNY, THREE MINUTES TER SAY YER PRAYERS."



"HE HAD TRAVELED WITH BARNUM AS THE 'SERPENT NECKED WONDER.' -Life.

Reaction. Though young Jones was well and hearty he would never attend a party. For he said that social pleasure made him weary, weak and sore; Not a wife cared he for dancing, or a maiden all so true.

He found little consolation in the art of conversation. And all nature's wondrous beauty from his careless eyes was hid; So, painting could not please him, and high art would only tease him, So, as if from sense of duty, he became an invalid.

But I found one great attraction that would rouse him into action (He'd declare he was not sickly, such new strength upon him came), When with every indication that he'd reach his destination, He would walk a mile so quickly, just to join a poker game. -Drake's Magazine.

A Kindergarten Series. "Now, children, after reading the old story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, write me all you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you."

Slate I. (Teddy, 8 years old)-George Washington is our father did he tell a lie no he never did did it with is hatchet.

Slate II. (Ethel, 7)-George Washington was the father of is centre he father sold did you do it he sold I wud not lie I did it with mi Hatchit and then he busted is tears.

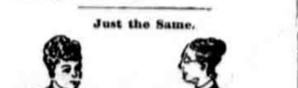
Slate III. (George, 9)-George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with his hatchet and he said father I did it did the boy deny it no did he try to put it on some other feller No. He did not tell no lie he bus. into tears.-Life.

A Fatal Mistake. Bluffers-What's wrong today, Bluffers? You look blue. Bluffers-I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night. "Huh! I've kicked out many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?" "No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming around sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week." "Yes; but I've found out this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."-Philadelphia Record.

Lived in a Boarding House. Doctor-You say you have a feeling of distress after eating? Patient-Yes. Doctor-What sort of a feeling? Patient-As if I hadn't had enough to eat. -Burlington Free Press.

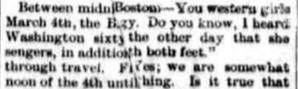
Just the Same.



The B. & O. Between middle Boston-You western girls March 4th, the B. & O. Do you know, I heard Washington six days the other day that she sang, in addition to both feet.

through travel. First; we are somewhat noon of the 4th uniting. Is it true that equal number was deficient of beauty. Allowing an average car, including Sleepy not be handsome; sure we arrive at our our pedal extrem-

Disatisfaction.



Father (who has rushed to the spot)-What's the matter? Boy-Oh, dad, g-g-get me out of this! Father (slowly)-Well, if you ain't the hardest boy to please I ever saw. Last summer I couldn't keep you out of this creek, and now yer cryin' because yer in.-Life.

NAPOLEON WITH A PIGTAIL.

Sing You Explains Some Mysteries of Modern Banking.

The flight of Sing You, the late esteemed cashier of See Sen & Co., Chinese bankers in Chicago, with \$15,000 belonging to depositors, excited all Chinadom. The news that Sing You had appeared in the hoodlers' colony in Montreal excited Chinadom more. The receipt of the exciting letter yesterday by a brother Celestial in Mott street, this city, gave Chinadom a positive thrill.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY TWO THREE. To Wan Lung, Mott street, New York, from Sing You: Whoop! Me, alle same Melican man, gettee on tain, come Canada, cop no catches, keepee cash, gettee drunk, singee song, laise hellee, allee samee bootlees, allee samee Eno, allee samee Mandelbaum, allee samee Piado (Peek-a-Boo synopsee, plagee 3), no comee back allee samee Henly Ives, heep foollee.

You tellee me you no sabbee makee money. Me tellee you. You catchee place in banklee, allee samee president, keepee books, keepee cash, pay intrest. Heep finee banklee, heep finee safee, heep big sign. Plenty heep Chinaman, he comee.

Hop Ah Kin, he comee, he say: "Mistah Banklee President, me catchee somee money washy-washy, maybe thee hundred dollah. You keepee him foh me?" You say him: "Allee light, me keepee him." You takee money. You keepee le-cept.

Wing Choo, he comee, he say: "Mistah Banklee President, me catchee lilly money." You say him: "How you gettun?" He say: "Me catchee butts in guttee, make heep finee cigaretee." You say him: "How mucchee money you gottee?"

He say you: "Mee gottee sebbenty dollah." You say him: "Allee light, me sock him in safee, pay intrest." Meen Fun, he comee, he say: "Mistah Blankah, me have heep fat wad, you keepee him foh me?" You say him: "How fat?" He say you: "Wad belly fat-more steen hundred dollah."

You say him: "Me plenty keepee him in safee, heep pay intrest, you go catchee some more." Allee Chinaman they comee, puttee wad, puttee bootlee, puttee spondulix in safee. You catchee bimbee more fifty thousand dollah, makee you heep glad. Bimbee Chinaman he comee, he say: "Maybe you give me wad, me goe back China." You say him: "Allee light; comee tomoliah, fo' cloockee." Notha' Chinaman he comee, he say: "Piaps you payee me my bootlee, me goe San Francisco."

You say him: "Allee light; fo' cloockee tomoliah." Notha' Chinaman he comee, he say: "Me allee blokee up; must pay thee hundred dollah; me wantee my seadee." You say: "Allee light; comee tomoliah, fo' cloockee." Notha' Chinaman he comee, he say: "My blotha' he gettee allestee; me wantee six hundred dollah goe bullee." You say: "Allee light; fo' cloockee tomoliah." Allee Chinaman wantee money outee, none puttee money in. Allee samee you smile likee Henly Ives, you say: "Comee tomallah fo' cloock." You closee door, pullee down blind, opene safee, takee out money, puttee him in gippeee sack, catchee allee tickle, foh expess foh Montreal, whoopee, dam steen!

Fo' cloock to-moliah he comee, allee Chinaman comee bank. Banklee heep closee. Chinaman bustee in, bustee in safee, allee money heep gone. Chinaman luh down telegraph office and telegraph: To Wan Lung, New York, Feb. 30. President Banklee. Montreal. You comee back heep quick. Pay money. 7. Paid 50. DEPOSITORS.

You leadee him. You smilee. You go telegraph office, you telegraph: To Depositors Montreal, Feb. 10. Mott street, New York. Late Collect 50. Wan Lung.

You goe backe hotellee, you smilee, you catchee finee dinnah, least beefee, maccaroni, flied lice, lobins, labeely puddee. You eatee heep, you smilee, you getteee drunk allee time, allee samee Melican man, whoop! heep fun! Tai-lai.-New York World. Sing You.

An Honest Woman. "I see you are advertising fine creamery butter at thirty cents," said an old woman who entered a Michigan avenue grocery yesterday. "It is butter or it is oleomargarine!" "It's butter, ma'am, and the very best," said the grocer.

"Sure it ain't oleomargarine!" "Perfectly so, I'll warrant it." The woman turned to go, when the grocer asked: "Won't you try a few pounds?" "No, I don't want none. I want some oleomargarine."

"I have that, too," said the dealer, "put up in boxes and labeled." "How much is that a pound?" "Eighteen cents." "That won't do. I want to pay just as much for it as butter is worth."

"You can do that if you want to; I ain't sayin' a word, am I?" said the man. "But why do you want to?" "Well, you see, I've been givin' my boarders the best butter, an' they guyy me an' call it oleo. I vow it's butter, an' they won't believe me. Now I want to get some oleo an' tell 'em what it is. They'll think I lie an' eat it for butter. But I don't want to make a cent out of it. I'm an honest woman." -Detroit Free Press.

Moral Logic. Mrs. Society Crush-The idea of your cousin stealing so much money from the bank. I shall never speak to him again. Mr. Society Crush-Givee Scotti? Why, your own brother did exactly the same thing. Mrs. Society Crush-Yes, but he didn't mortify his relations by being caught.-New York World.

Domestic Astronomy. Groomamma had been explaining to the little girl how our earth is kept from flying off into infinite space by the attraction of the sun, which is constantly trying to draw the earth towards itself, while the latter always keeps its distance. "Grandma," said the little girl, "I should think the sun would get discouraged after a while and let it go."-Harper's Young People.

Give Her a Striking Example. A father says to a little girl of five: "Suppose a little girl should strike you, you wouldn't strike back, would you?" After a moment's thought she said: "I should want to show her how she did."-Christian Advocate.

I Way Up in the Art. Mother-Johnny, I'm shocked to hear you swear. Do you learn that at school? Johnny-Learn it at school! Why, it's me what teaches the other boys.-Texas Siftings.

Never Had Heard of Any.

"Are there any pinnated grouse in this vicinity?" inquired the thin, scholarly looking man with the elegant breech loader on his shoulder.

"Never heard of any," said the western Nebraska farmer, "and I've lived h'ur-seventeen year."

And the New England professor who was taking a vacation out west climbed wearily aboard the train again for a point a hundred miles further westward, the locomotive scarping up prairie chickens in clouds as it moved swiftly along.-Chicago Tribune.

Gratitudet!



"Why, Charles, what's the matter?" "Matter! Why, I've just met that young puppy Jones that I lent that five pounds to, and he said he'd pull my nose for me if I bothered him for it again! What do you think of that?"

"I think he'll have his hands full if he does, Charles." And now there is a coolness between them. -Judy.

One of Governor Hoard's Stories. Wisconsin's honeyed executive enjoys a wide reputation as a spinner of yarns, and none does he tell with a keener relish than those at his own expense. Governor Hoard possesses in a high degree the indescribable "knack" of telling stories.

The governor tells a story, which, as related by him, is intensely funny, of a Yankee, who had a speedy team, which, he claimed, had never been passed but once. One day the Yankee overtook a funeral procession which had been brought to a halt by the giving out of one of the horses which drew the hearse. The Yankee volunteered the use of his horses to take the place of the other team, and in a few moments he found himself on the hearse driving slowly by a high degree the indecipherable "knack" of telling stories.

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